

The Black and Gold



WINSTON-SALEM
CITY HIGH
SCHOOL

March

1914

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In Memoriam

Since the last issue of the Black and Gold we have been called upon to mourn the death of a beloved schoolmate and comrade, DeWitt Langley, of the Tenth Grade. When the news came, just a few days before the Christmas holidays that De Witt was seriously ill, our hearts were saddened. We hoped that he might be restored to us, but the Heavenly Father willed otherwise, and on December the twentieth, He called De Witt home.

By his sunny disposition, his bright, genial ways, De Witt won many friends; and the memory of his sweet Christian life will long linger with us.

"My heart shall not murmur; my sad soul shall rest
In thy promise O, God, Thou knoweth the best!
Though his body lies low neath the ever-green sod,
His spirit is with Thee, in the house-hold of God."

The Black and Gold

*Published four times during each School Year by the Students
of the Winston-Salem City High School*

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1913

No. 3

Never Give Up—An Easter Story



HE SALVATION ARMY WORKER seated himself wearily and despondently in a rickety old chair in the little office at headquarters. His whole face had a look of despair on it, and even his deep breathing seemed to say, "No use." While thus seated, meditating, a light step sounded in the hall, the door opened and in walked a young man, the "latest addition" to the band of slum workers. He was brightly clad in a new uniform and cap, and his merry whistling openly betrayed his inward feelings. But upon seeing the older man so melancholy, he ceased whistling, and seating himself, asked,

"What's the matter? You're not sick, are you?"

"No," came the brief reply.

"Well, what **is** wrong then?"

"It's a long tale, John, and a sad one. But it's true, and it will prepare you for the disappointments which are certainly in store for you in the future. About three years ago, while I was working down in the 17th Ward, I came across a man,—I say a man, but it is hardly a fit term, as you will soon see,—who was renowned through all the district as being one of the most hardened criminals in the world. And he bragged of the reputation, too. Well, I was

just starting in with the slum work, the same as you are now, so I said to myself, 'Right here, Owen Lantell, is the biggest chance you'll ever get to kill the biggest game in the city, (Little dreamed I that failure was possible, then). So I claimed him for myself. Then I went to work. I found where he lived, and I found out what bar he attended. I discovered that he was invariably drunk in the morning but that I might find him sober in the evening. I learned that he had a wife and four children, who supported him despite his outrageous treatment of them; and also I found out that his wife was a good Christian woman, who had married him just as he was starting on his career of crime, with the hope of converting him. Next month will soon end the third year of my struggles with him, but oh! with what result—with him in the penitentiary for life on the charge of manslaughter. He killed his wife. Can you blame me for being discouraged? I have tried, Oh so hard have I tried, but without avail. I heard his sentence pronounced but an hour ago."

There was a long silence, finally broken by these words, "Yours is truly a sad and discouraging tale, Owen, but," he added, "where there is life there is hope." Then he continued, "If you will let me help you in this work, possibly I can be of some assistance."

Owen Lantel started, as from a dream, and thought to himself, "What **has** come over me? Here I sit doing that which I should not do,—trying to discourage this lad with my dreary tale, and despite this, his ardor exceeds mine. If this boy can face discouragement like that, I can too; and I will." Then he said aloud, and his voice had a different tone this time. "All right, John, I'll do that. Get your over-coat, and we'll go down to the jail and see him, now. One comfort, anyway,—he can't get drunk any more."

Together they tramped through the snow, down the crowded street. At first the buildings towered above their

heads, then they gradually decreased in size as the two neared the suburbs, and at length, turning a corner, the bleak, grey walls of the penitentiary hove in sight. Approaching the gate, Owen accosted the gate-keeper.

"I want to speak to Ferdinand Carver, the new prisoner," he said.

"Cell number 476; follow me," said the man.

But John stood dumfounded. "Ferdinand Carver. Ferdinand Carver. No. It cannot be he," he kept saying to himself.

He touched the keeper's arm. "Wait a moment, please," he said.

Then he turned to Owen,

"Man, you must be dreaming," he said. "It can't be Ferdinand Carver. Why, do you know anything about this prisoner's early life?"

"No," replied the older man, "he always avoided that topic of conversation, and would not answer direct questions as to his past days."

"Ferdinand Carver,"—the boy spoke slowly for emphasis,—"was the most gentlemanly, cleanest, and truest friend I ever had. When I was fourteen, his family left town and I have missed his companionship ever since. This murderer cannot be Ferdinand."

It was now Owen's turn to question. Finally the keeper got them started again, but John moved as if in a trance. He was quickly roused, however, by the words,

"Cell number 476; Ferdinand Carver; sentenced for life on charge of manslaughter."

The two entered. Deformed, scarred, and hideously red was the face that glared at them from the rude bench, but despite this, John could easily detect the characteristic features of his former friend.

"O Ferdinand," he wailed. Then for a space all was silence. But the prisoner's heart was not touched, and he replied,

"Huh. One o' them goody-goods, what waits till we men gets in trouble, an' then comes aroun' tryin' to make us feel happy, aint ye?"

No more encouraging results than this were obtained from this first interview, nor the next, nor the next. But the boy never gave up, never appeared to be discouraged, and what was better still, he inspired his fellow-worker with like courage. As they walked home after their last futile attempt John remarked,

"Just think. The Sunday of next week is Easter Day."

"That's so," was all Owen said, but he was buried in thought during the remainder of the walk. On the following day he announced his program.

"We will go to the jail early Easter morning. I will tell him the story of the Resurrection, and we will pray together. Then you will recall to him his early life, his friendship with you, and his happy family life. Then plead with him to repent, and if that doesn't turn his heart, nothing,—" but a reproachful look from John cut the sentence short.

It was Easter morning. The sun had not yet brightened the earth with his glad beams. In a little prison cell knelt two men,—praying,—praying uselessly for a man who had stubbornly refused all invitations to salvation. Uselessly? No. Look. Is not that third man getting down upon his knees between the other two? He moves slowly, almost reluctantly, but that is certainly his intention. At last he is kneeling, silently and with downcast eyes. His soul has been touched; the voices cease and as the glorious sun bursts forth, flooding the little cell with mellow light, his plea is clearly heard: "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner."

—Theodore E. Rondthaler, '15.

Spring

The violet gaily peeps up
 With a small purple cup
 To catch something,
 Which sparkles and shines.
 'Tis dew that it finds
 In the lovely spring.

The grasses are green.
 Butterflies are seen.
 Cowbells ding.
 While fairies play
 The livelong day
 In the spring.

Hopeful lovers implore
 The hand they adore.
 While Beau-Cupid doth fling
 Love darts in the heart,
 And to each doth impart
 A happy bit of spring.

—Marguerite Pierce, '15

“Winks”



ELL, SAMANTHY, I guess we'll have to part with the old place.” John Halsey sank heavily into the depths of the frayed velveteen chair.

“Oh, John!” exclaimed his wife tremulously, “you don't mean we'll have to sell the home?”

“Yes,” he replied, “But that's not all; the furniture will have to go too.”

John Halsey had had mighty hard luck. He had put all of his savings into this crop—and—well, a drought had come, terrible in its bleaching fury, fates had played havoc with the wheat, and all his dreams had been nipped, and accompanying them—his savings.

"It don't matter 'bout us, so much," said Mrs. Halsey, "but poor little Winks. 'Twill break his heart to part with Sammy."

"Where is Winks?"

"Gone down in the orchard. He and Bill are gathering the lady a bunch of posies."

As she finished speaking, the door opened and in bounded a beautiful, golden-haired boy of four. Running up to his grandmother, he deposited in her lap a great bunch of gaily colored wild flowers. "Here, Lady," he said; "here's de beautifulest flowers I could find. As I picked 'em, I saw all de little fairies a jumpin' and dancin' in de sun. And, Lady, is I here in time to hear Sammy?"

"Yes, Winks. Sammy will strike in just a minute." Mrs. Halsey raised her apron to her eyes and over in the corner John coughed huskily.

Winks' bare feet pattered out of the room, into the hall to where a tall, grandfather clock stood sentinel-like in one corner. With rapt attention he watched while the doors of the clock opened and a beautiful blue bird fluttered out. As it spread its wings, it opened its ivory beak and gave forth twelve clear sweet tones, then flitted back and the doors closed upon it till twelve of the next day.

With a sigh, Winks turned from the clock. He ran quickly out of the back door to the barn. As he entered the barn lot white doves sailed down and lighted on his shoulder.

"Oh, you beautiful sings," he cried, "you is just like Sammy, only he's like de sky and you has spots on you."

From the kitchen window, Mrs. Halsey watched Winks. The pigs, the turkeys, the hens with their broods crowded round him, while Ben, the old watch dog, stood by his side contentedly licking his hand. For the dumb animals loved this little golden-haired boy. They loved the touch of his soft little hands, the merry tinkle of his voice. And he loved them; his heart seemed filled with reverence for all living things, and for all the flowers, trees, for everything in God's wonderful out-of-doors. All morning long he loved to roam in the woods, making friends with the chipmunks, the little red hares, prying with his solemn blue eyes, into the wondrous secrets of nature, the heavenly delights of the woods. Each day at twelve o'clock, though, he was back in the house waiting in the hall for Sammy to come out. The plain big-hearted Halseys wondered at him. They thought it a strange dispensation that this beautiful boy was given them, but they loved him. Oh, they loved him with all their big, old hearts; and now all the delights which were dear to him in his innocent, sweet little way, and consequently doubly dear to them, were to be sold.

"Poor Winkie," thought Mrs. Halsey as she set the simple meal on the table. A tear stole down her cheek. She sighed and turning, pulled the cord which led to the big iron bell once used for the calling of farm hands.

"Winks," said Mr. Halsey when they had gathered round the dinner table, "what have you been doing this morning?"

"Ise been out in de big woods watching little Gray Fellow build his nest; he's started it way up in de top of de baby oak an he and his mate is carrying leaves up dere; soon dey will go in and Winks won't see 'em for a long, long time, till de spring when dey come down with lots of fuzzy little babies; when all de little flower-fairies is a peepin out and de wobbins and frushes and Billy Red is laying dere pretty eggs."

"Winks," said his grandfather, "how would you like to go to town with ploughman John this afternoon?"

"I can't go, granddaddy," replied Winks, "for I's promised Sammy I'd stay wid him dis afternoon. Ise making him a posey-wreath."

"Winks," the old man's voice trembled. "Winks, my boy, Sammy is going to leave us. He's going to stay out in the world and sing so there will be bread and milk for little Winks."

Winks sat very still, his mass of golden ringlets quivered.—"But, gran-daddy, won't Winks ever see Sammy no mo?"

"No, Sunshine, Sammy's got to leave us."

Winks didn't answer, but gazed steadily into his plate. His little face trembled. A big shining tear stole down his cheek; then he rose and stole silently from the room going to where the tall clock stood in the hall." "Sammy," a small voice quivered, "Is you doin to leave Winks? No, dey shant take my Sammy!" he cried with sudden passion, "dey shant, dey shant!" And turning, he ran, bitterly sobbing, from the house, out beyond the old snake-fence into the woods. On and on he ran, over brush, through tangles, and up to the foot of old, 'baby oak.' Here he stopped. "I wonder," he thought, "if dey's goin to sell Sammy dis evenin." He stood still a moment and then turned to painfully retrace his way back. He was going to protect Sammy.

He slipped quietly into the house through the hall, and going to the old timepiece he opened the pendulum door, and stepped in. "O," he thought, "Aint it dark in here? I wonder what dat white sing is way up dere by de knock-er." So saying he stood upon his pink little toes and gave it a tug. But no sooner had he touched it than the heavy iron rod from which it was suspended, dropped, striking poor little Winks a terrible blow upon the head. He sank

to the square base of the clock. All was black and he slipped away into the darkness.

"This beautiful antique grandfather clock. Who'll start it at five hundred?"

A small crowd was gathered in the Halsey's hall. An auctioneer stood upon a chair and by his side was Sammy. Over in the corner Mrs. Halsey was sobbing bitterly.

"Four-fifty," shouted someone.

"Four and a half, four fifty, four and a——"

"Hey, open the door, let's see the works."

The auctioneer dismounted from his perch and opened the door. Out fell Winks. A livid blue scar marred the whiteness of his forehead, around which the golden curls were matted with blood; and in his arm he held a thick white package. Mrs. Halsey tremblingly gathered Winks into her arms and lifted him into a room adjoining the hall. Then the auctioneer stooped and picked up the package; around it was a placard bearing the following inscription—"May he who finds this be made happier than he who stintingly saved it—Jacob Green. Miser."

All was quiet in the blue room of the Halsey's old country home. In the center of the room was a canopied bed and on one side Samanthy Halsey knelt, her face drawn and pitiful. Farther back sat John, his face deeply bedded into his hard, calloused hands. Upon the bed lay little Winks, scarcely recognizable; a wealth of golden curls having been sheared from his head and a large bandage covering the greater part of his now pale face.

"Doctor," Mrs. Halsey quivered, "doctor, please say he'll live."

The person addressed stalked to the window and turning his back, kept silent.

Suddenly the coverlet quivered. Winks opened his

eyes, slightly raised himself and said, "Lady, is Sammy doin to leave Winks?"

"No precious," tremblingly, "Sammy will stay."

Winks smiled. "Lady," he said, "I see something shingin' up dere, and oh! in it are lots of angels, and Lady, dey's callin Winks." Winks mus' go, dey's callin him." All was silent, then "Dood-bye, Lady." His face shone with celestial beauty; he sank to the cushion. "Dood-bye Lady," very faintly, "and Daddy."

And thus his beautiful little soul passed into the presence of its heavenly maker. Little Winks had saved Sammy, but at a dear price.

—H. Stokes Lott, Jr., '16

A Wish

Mine be a cottage on the hill,
Where songbirds' notes shall soothe my ear;
And in the pastures by the rill
The lazy cows shall wander near.

The robin oft from bush and tree
Shall twitter from her twig built nest;
The scented breeze shall comfort me,
When under the trees I wish to rest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Roses, lilacs, and tulips, too,
And brown-eyed Lucy from the fields shall bring
The first wild violets so soft and blue.

—Clifton Eaton, '15.

War Time Stories In de Wa' Times



HE FOLLOWING is only a simple incident, but it goes to show how the people did when the Yankees were passing through the country, and it also illustrates the bravery of the women.

During the Civil War the women, children and men who were not able to go to the war were always greatly frightened when news reached them of the approach of the Yankees, for they well knew what it meant. If they did not hide their jewelry, meat, horses, etc., it was sure to be stolen.

So on June 5, 1863, there was great excitement at my great-grandmother's house in South Carolina, for news had just been brought that the Yankees were coming in that direction. The slaves and children were nearly scared to death, and did not know what to do. My grandmother alone kept her courage and presence of mind. She immediately began making preparations for hiding the valuables.

"Zeke," said she to an old trusted slave, "hitch up all four horses to the covered wagon at once and see that the canvass does not leak. Put in all the meat that is in the smoke house except one ham. Put in most of the flour, potatoes and chickens, and don't forget to put in the kitchen stove. Get Joe to help you."

"All right, Missus, it'll be ready in less time than a half hour," replied the faithful darky.

"Aunt Sarah," said she, "put all the silverware and jewelry in a flour sack and throw it in the wagon."

Then great grandmother began getting the children ready and putting all their extra clothes in the wagon so

they would not get stolen. When the children and several of the slaves were all crowded into the big wagon, together with clothes, provisions, etc., after giving Uncle Zeke and Aunt Sarah full instructions about caring for the children and how to do in case of rain, great-grandmother told them to drive over into a certain woods about two miles distant, and hide in the thickest part till after the Yankees had passed. "Aint you going, Missus," said Aunt Sarah.

"No, I have to stay to keep the Yankees from burning up the house."

"Then, I won't move one step from here," said the faithful Aunt Sarah. "The 'idee' of one who growed up with you going off and leaving you. I aint afraid ob de Yankees." So when the big covered wagon rolled off it did not contain Aunt Sarah.

The day of June the fifth, which was one of great suspense to great-grandmother and the old slave, passed without anything unusual happening, but early the next morning Aunt Sarah, who was watching from an upstairs window, spied a company of bluecoats.

"De'se aeoming, De'se aeoming," she yelled. "Look ayonder, Missus." Great-grandmother calmly took down grandpa's old revolver and loaded it.

"Missus, you aint going to shoot nobody, is you?" said the trembling darky.

"No, Sarah, I hope not, but I want to be prepared," said my great-grandmother.

In about ten minutes there arrived at the house a very rough-looking set of soldiers, about eight or ten in number. They wore dirty blue uniforms and several of them had swords and revolvers hanging to their belts. From all appearances they must have been private Yankee soldiers who had deserted the army and were trying to enrich themselves while on their way home, by stealing and plundering. Great-grandmother was sitting at the window watching

them closely, but not saying a word. As they walked up the steps one of the soldiers said,

“Bill, we ought to get a good deal from this house.”

“Sure,” said ‘Bill,’ “me and Tom will tend to the jewelry and silverware and the rest of you get what’s in the smokehouse and kitchen.”

At this my great-grandmother raised the window and inquired what they wanted.

“That’s all right what we want,” said ‘Bill,’ who appeared to be the leader, “you need not bother yourself about getting up the things. We’ll see to that ourselves.” At this impudent speech, she picked up the pistol that was lying by her side, and pointed it straight at ‘Bill.’

“Now, make one more step,” she said, quietly. The soldiers were unprepared for this, and they stopped immediately. They stood glaring angrily at her for several minutes, but the hand that held the pistol never wavered. At last ‘Bill’ spoke.

“Well, boys,” said he to his men, “if the old lady insists on pinting that big gun at my head, I reckon its about time we was leaving.”

—Clifton Eaton, ’15.



My Uncle's Coffee-pot



HAVE OFTEN HEARD my uncle tell an interesting story. It happened during the Civil War. His mother was dead and his father was in the army, so he went to live with his grandmother. As he was only five years old, and small for his age, he could not help his grandmother very much, except by going to the spring for fresh water. When he went on these trips to the spring, he carried the water in an old coffee pot, as he was too small to carry a big bucket full of water.

One day when his grandmother sent him to the spring, he had gotten his coffee pot full of water, and had started back to the house, when he saw, coming towards him a long string of Yankees. He was so scared he did not know what to do, but he thought if he just walked on perhaps they would not notice him.

But they soon overtook him, and the leader commanded him to give him a drink of water. He did so. But the captain, instead of handing his coffee pot back, passed it on for his men to have a drink, and then ordered them to march forward.

When the child saw they were marching off with his coffee pot, he began crying and begged them to give it back to him, but the rough soldiers only laughed at him and rode off.

—Beatrice Linville, '15.



Hiding From the Yankees



NE DAY as grandmother was sitting by the window sewing, she saw one of her neighbor's sons, a boy of about sixteen, come running towards the house. She hastened to the door and opened it and he came running in and shut the door behind him. Stammering with excitement, he managed to tell her that he was at home on a furlough, and that while he was eating dinner with his mother, an old slave, who had gone to the store about a mile up the road to get some provisions for his mother, had seen the Yankees coming and had hurried back to tell them.

Thinking that the Yankees were looking for him, and knowing that they would search the whole house for him, he had decided that it would be safer to come over to her house and hide until they had passed. Grandmother could not think of a good place to hide him at first, but after a while she decided that the safest place would be in the barn loft under the hay.

The boy lost no time in concealing himself; and it was well he didn't, for not over five minutes had elapsed before an old grey haired negro galloped up at the door and told grandmother that the Yankees, instead of keeping on down the road after they had finished their search, as they expected that they would do, had for some reason, turned off down the side road towards her house, and that they were now on the way; and that he had taken a short cut through the woods in order that he might warn the boy that he change his hiding place.

Grandmother told the old negro where George was hid, for that was the boy's name, and in a few minutes, George all covered with hay, was mounted on grandfather's old gray mare, with the old slave at his side, and was galloping

towards the woods. They had hardly disappeared into the woods, when a company of Yankees rode up. Part of them surrounded the house to prevent escape, in case George had taken refuge in the house. The others entered the house and began to search for George. After they had searched the house they went out to the barn. They climbed up into the loft, and through the window of the barn loft grandmother saw them jabbing around in the hay with their bayonets at the very place where George had been only a few minutes before. After a while, giving up the search, they returned to the house, and after taking a few plates and the remaining provisions that grandmother had not had time to hide, they departed.

—Charlie Roddick, '15.

Grandfather and the Deserters



HEN THE CIVIL WAR began grandfather was at Guilford College at school, but about the middle of the war the South became so hard pressed for soldiers, that they came up there for all the boys over fifteen, and of course grandfather was included. He was not sent to fight, immediately though, but was ordered to collect and haul provisions to the camp near Pittsboro.

He was on his way to the camp one afternoon with a two-horse load of provisions which he had collected from far and near, when night overtook him; so halting at the edge of some thick woods, he decided to rest a few hours and then make his way rapidly to headquarters. He unhitched his horses, fed and watered them, and then loosely tying them to a near-by tree, lay down a few feet from the

wagon, thinking he would sleep awhile and then wake up and guard the wagon during the latter part of the night, for he knew that the woods were full of deserters, who were liable to attack him.

About midnight, he awoke with a start. He sat bolt upright and listened intently for any sounds. In a few moments he heard muffled footsteps, and soon a voice only a few feet away, exclaimed, impatiently,

"Waal, I know I did see someun stop hyar near the edge o' these woods."

Grandfather knew they were looking for his wagon, and so, he decided to go get in the wagon. He got up and slipping over to the wagon, crawled up in it and huddled down in one corner. A long time passed and he had almost decided that they had given up the search, when suddenly, a shaggy looking old fellow popped out of the woods and turning, cried in a hoarse whisper,

"Hi, Bill, what'd I tell you?"

The one addressed as Bill, immediately joined him and they stepped up beside the wagon. As they did, grandfather rose up from his hiding place. At first they seemed rather startled, and then one of them, looking at him and grinning, said:

"Hello, Buddy, what you got ere?"

"I have some provisions for the camp over yonder," he replied.

"Well, 'spose you just turn 'em over. I'm thinkin' we need 'em worse 'un they do."

"That wasn't my order, though," replied grandfather.

They looked at each other and laughed and for reply, began uncovering things in the wagon. At this grandfather quietly pulled an old gun out of the wagon and pointing it at them, said:

"Hands up, or I'll shoot you both."

They were rather taken aback by this; somewhat reluctantly they raised their hands.

Grandfather went on to say that these provisions were going to the camp and from there part of them would go to the homes for the deserters' wives and in all probability part would go to their wives; and if they had stayed in the army the other part would have gone to them. Bill then meekly replied that they hadn't had anything to eat for three days, and if he would give them a day's provisions, they would let him alone. Thinking this the best way to save the load, grandfather did as they requested, and saw them off, still at the point of his gun. As it was then day-break, he hitched up and started on his way. He reached the camp in safety with the provisions about noon.

—Margie Hastings, '15.

The Ku Klux Klan in Germanton



ERMANTON is a small town between Walnut Cove and Rural Hall, but it was even smaller during the Civil War. When war broke out, most of the men volunteered to fight; when the government called for conscript soldiers, only ten men were left in the town, and they were disabled or too old to serve. These ten men were left to guard the town, and protect the women and children, who were unable to protect themselves. It was not an easy task as you may have supposed, for although the town was very small, the enemy did not think it too small to plunder or add to their possessions.

The town was also full of negroes, which endangered it much more, for they were very mean during the Civil

War. After the government compelled men to serve, Germanton was left to the mercy of the negroes, and they took advantage of their opportunity.

One night the men were alarmed by a fire in one part of town. They went to fight the fire, and before it could be put out, another part was in flames. The negroes kept setting houses on fire until the town was in danger of being burned.

"Ku Klux, boys, or the town is doomed," said grandfather, who had tried to devise some means of saving the town.

The ten men left the fires, unobserved, and went to one of the houses where they secured sheets. They muffled the horses' feet with sheep skin and then draped themselves and their horses in sheets. They then began their long ride through every street. When they met a negro, they would say in muffled tones:

"Ku Klux, Ku Klux," which almost frightened the negroes to death, who thought they were the spirits of the dead soldiers.

In less than an hour every negro in town was across the Town Fork river, although on account of a recent storm, it was swollen so that no one was able to ford it.

The negroes afterward said the ten men looked like ten thousand.

—Della Dodson, '15.

Grandfather's Horses



HERMAN was on his way to Columbia, which was then the most beautiful city in the South. Lexington was a small village, about eleven miles from Columbia. Sherman and his Yankees must pass through there in order to reach Columbia. Of course, Sherman would try to destroy Columbia, because it was the capitol of the first State to secede, and so he must first reach Lexington, where my grandfather lived.

Grandfather was a minister. Therefore he did not take any active part in the fight, but he took care of the women and other people in the village. Grandfather owned a great many negro slaves as did all the other planters at that time. He also owned a great many fine horses which he valued greatly, and which he wished to keep from Sherman, if possible.

When Sherman was about a day's march from Lexington, grandfather selected five of his best horses, among which was one that had taken a premium of a solid silver cup (which is still in the possession of my aunt), at the Columbia State Fair, and calling "old Pete" and one or two other negroes to him, told them to take these horses to a swamp which was about a mile and a half from the house. That night the negro slaves started out with the horses. Reaching the swamp, they followed a path which was known to a few people on the plantation, but which a stranger could not possibly have found. This part of the swamp was unapproachable except by this one path. Here the negroes tied the horses and then returned to the house.

The next day Sherman and the first part of his army appeared. They burned the house of the slaves, the stables, and everything but grandfather's house. This, however,

they thoroughly searched, taking everything they could find of value. It took three days for Sherman's army to pass, and during that time food was taken daily to the horses where they were hidden. The horses would not have been found by the Yankees, had it not been for an old negro slave. This slave, who knew about them, thinking that he owed a great deal more to the Yankees for freeing him, than to grandfather for taking care of him all his life, revealed their hiding place to a band of the Yankees, who made short work of removing the horses.

—May Efird, '15.

A Confederate Prisoner



URING THE CIVIL WAR my grandfather was a Confederate captain. After three years of service, he was captured in Northern Virginia, and after being held a prisoner for some time, he, with many others, was given a choice between remaining in prison until the close of the war and going West to fight the Indians. Now the Federal prisons were very unhealthful and unclean, so he chose fighting the Indians. Accordingly, he was stationed at Fort Briggs, South Dakota, where the Indians were at that time very hostile towards the whites.

One day, during the winter of 1864, he was detailed on scout duty to look out for any signs of hostility from the Sioux Indians. Now in the Dakotas, there are blizzards and snow storms during the winter, which often break forth with amazing suddenness and apparently without giving any notice. But this time the blizzard did give notice, for

my grandfather began to shiver and shake, and before he had time enough to slip on his army cape, the snow was falling in blinding sheets and was tossed about by a whirlwind like schnook. Blinded by the snow, he lost his way, and when night came on he was alone and probably many miles from the Fort, on the snow covered prairie.

Exhausted and almost frozen, he kept up the fight until his horse, catching his foot on a root, threw him violently to the ground and made him oblivious to his surroundings.

Upon recovering consciousness, he found himself lying under a large tent, upon the middle pole of which hung knives, pistols, bows and arrows, tomahawks and other weapons, which showed that he was in the tent of some warrior.

Presently a large opening was made in one side of the tent and in walked a Sioux chief. His face was bedecked with war paint of the most hideous color, and in his skin belt was a long knife. My grandfather started up, expecting an attack, but the Indian merely held up his right hand and said:

“Pale face soldier need no fear.”

The Indian then made a fire and cooked some meat, which he gave to my grandfather to eat. Then giving him back his horse which the Indian had found near by, he made a sign in the direction of the fort. My grandfather offered him money, but the Indian refused it and strode away into the forest.

—Edwin Stewart, '15.



Aunt Rachael's Catching Fever



T WAS ABOUT four o'clock in the morning and not a sound could be heard throughout the house, when suddenly there came three faint taps on the front door.

Grandmother was alone in the house, except for the old cook, whose room was on the ground floor, and of course was dreadfully frightened when she heard the noise. So she quickly threw on her clothes and called to Aunt Rachael to go with her to the door.

Together they went on tiptoes to the front window and peeped out, and there on the door-steps lay a Confederate soldier, evidently wounded.

With the help of the old cook, grandmother brought the soldier into the house, and after he had gained consciousness, he told grandmother that he had been sent with an important message to General Johnson, but had been followed and slightly wounded by a group of Federal soldiers, who were even now close on his trail. He begged grandmother to hide him somewhere where he would be safe from the Yankees, and so he was taken up into the garret. Now there was only one way in which the garret could be reached, and that was by a flight of steps which ran up through the kitchen.

The man had no sooner been hidden than the Federal soldiers were heard rushing into the house. When they saw grandmother they demanded her to hand over the soldier that she was hiding, but grandmother, of course, denied having seen him. They then began to search the house, and coming to the kitchen, they at once started up the garret steps.

When Aunt Rachael, who was busy getting breakfast, saw this, she started sneezing with all her might and holler-

ed. "Ef you aint hankerin' after dis here ketchen fever what I has, you had better git out er here, caze I sho has got it bad."

When the soldiers heard this, they fairly fell out of the house, because they were not allowed to go near any contagious disease.

After they passed out of sight, the Confederate soldier came down out of the garret, and after thanking grandmother for her kindness, started on with his message.

—Nell Horton. '16.

The Clearing of Aunt Dilsey



FOR YEARS Aunt Dilsey had washed for the Browns. It was therefore a source of great grief one Monday, when Mrs. Brown told her that she needn't come back to wash another Monday.

It happened in this way. On Sunday, the day before, Tom, the little master of the house, was ten years old, and among the many birth-day presents he received was a tiny gold dollar. All day he wore the tiny dollar in his blouse pocket and when he went to bed that night, he forgot to take it out.

In the hurry of getting up the wash Monday morning, the blouse with the money in the pocket, was thrown into the basket with the other soiled clothes.

Aunt Dilsey, knowing nothing of the tiny dollar, put the blue blouse into the water and scrubbed it clean. During the scrubbing, however, the money dropped out of the pocket into the water. Aunt Dilsey, unconscious of the

fact, soon hung up her last garment and began to take up the tubs to empty the water.

"Tank de Lawd! Another week's washing done through!" and, hurriedly dashing the water on the ground, the old woman went into the house.

There were several chickens in the yard, and, when the water was thrown out, they all rushed to it. One pullet, seeing something sparkle in the sun, rushed to the spot and eyed the little gleaming dollar askance out of its bright eyes. The chicken was still gazing at it when a fat old hen rushed up. The greedy little pullet, to keep the hen from enjoying a nice little morsel, gulped down the money and found it rather hard to digest.

Meanwhile little Tom came to his mother, anxiety written all over his little face.

"Mother, what's become of my blue blouse? It had my gold dollar in its pocket and I went to show it to some boys and found the blouse was gone! Say, Mother, where is it?"

"Why, son, I put it in wash this morning! Maybe Aunt Dilsey has seen it. Here she comes now!"

"Aunt Dilsey, where is my blue blouse? There was a gold dollar in his pocket."

"Law, chile, I done hanged dat ting up long ago! I neber seen no dollar nor nuthin'!"

Mrs. Brown eyed her suspiciously. She went with her out in the yard to look for the gold-piece, but it was in vain they searched.

"Aunt Dilsey, I'm sorry, but you must have taken that money," said Mrs. Brown. "If you don't hand it over right away, I won't need you any more!"

"Law, Mis Brown, I 'clar fo de Lawd I aint got hit. I neber took a ting in all my life!"

After much arguing the old colored woman was dismissed, branded a thief! Down the lane, in her little cabin,

the old washer-woman was grief-striken and out of employment, but she still firmly declared she had not seen the money.

The days rolled by. Saturday came around. It was a busy day at the Brown's, for George, the eldest son, was coming from college for a short vacation. Never was there such cooking as on that Saturday. Old Maria, the cook, simply tried herself in the cooking. Pies were baked, cakes were made, and behold, the very chicken that had swallowed the dollar, was slaughtered!

The old cook had her hands full, but nevertheless, when she was dressing that most important pullet, she had both time and curiosity enough to see "wat in de name o' common sense" made the chicken's craw stick out at one end so! Guess what she found? Why the gold dollar, of course, just as bright and shining as ever!

"Good Lawd, you ken knock dis here old nigger down if dis haint a dollar!"

The old cook hobbled off as fast as her rheumatism and old age would allow, to find her mistress.

"Miss Brown, hope I may die, if dis here warn't in dat pullet's craw," and the poor old cook panted in sheer fright.

"Well, I declare! Maria, did you find it in the chicken's craw? Impossible!" Then suddenly it dawned on the "Missus" that it was Tom's dollar.

"Why, Aunt Dilsey always washes in the poultry yard and empties her water there, too. That's where the pullet got it, just when she threw out the water! Poor old Aunt Dilsey! Here, Maria, quit gaping, and go tell Lillie May to run down to Aunt Dilsey's and tell here to come up here immediately."

"Yes'm." and Maria told Lillie May.

Off the little darkey dashed and was soon out of sight down the hill. Just as she neared its base she forgot what

Aunt Maria had told her to tell Aunt Dilsey and so she hurried back to the "big" house.

Aunt Maria was blowing a cupful of hot soup, before she tasted it, when the little darkey burst in.

Splash! went the hot soup all over the old woman's face and pert little Lillie May laughed till her sides ached!

"Law, Aunt Maria, how come you pore dat hot soup all ober your count'nance? Be hit good fer de rheumatism?"

"Hey, you little black deb——!"

"Why, Aunt Maria!"

"You nigger! Wat in thunderation did you scare me fer! Jumping cats! Get me a rag, nigger, cayse I'se about to burn up! Move, you little black——!"

"Don't say de rest, Aunt Maria! Dat's right! You'se already sent your soul ter torment."

Lillie May brought the rag, and, while Aunt Maria sopped the soup off her face, she asked:

"Look here, Aunt Riah, wat be dem words you tolle me ter tell Aunt Dilsey?"

"Lawd, help me ter git right! Dat nigger haint tolle her yit. I sez to tell her Miss Brown sez to come up here premediately!"

Off Lillie May dashed and was soon back again with Aunt Dilsey.

"Aunt Dilsey, please accept my apology for thinking you took that dollar," begged Mrs. Brown. "I was too hasty. A chicken swallowed it, and here it is. Tom wants you to have it and you must come back Monday to wash."

So honest old Aunt Dilsey was cleared and might wash again! Taking Mrs. Brown's hand, the one holding out the gold-piece, the old woman pushed it back, saying,

"Tank you, Miss Brown, but, ef hits de same ter you, I tink I'll take a green-back instead; I don't want ter have no more ter do wid dat ole yaller-jacket!"

—Bessie E. Ambler, '16.

The Young Conscript



BODY OF CONSCRIPTS, in all numbering about forty-five, were being marched towards Richmond by a few guards of the Confederate militia, as a result of a proclamation that had been recently issued, compelling every able-bodied man over seventeen years of age and under fifty-five, to join the army. This company had been marching all day, and were expected to reach Richmond on the following evening. As it was now growing dark, the guard on the left flank, who from all indications seemed to be the commander, ordered the company to halt and pitch tents for the night. The command was speedily carried out and in a short time the conscripts, the very pictures of wretchedness, were seated before a glowing campfire cooking their bacon and gnawing at their hardtack. The guards, drawing themselves up in a group on the other side of the tent, began discussing the route that should be followed the next day, by which they could reach Richmond before evening.

The conscripts noticing that the attention of the guards had been taken from them, dropped their hardtacks, slipped closer together, and began mumbling in low voices. They did not notice that Albert, the drummer boy, the son of the commander of the guards, slipped closer also, but he did, and the first words that he heard, struck him dumb with fear. It was the voice of Jaques, the oldest of the conscripts, slightly pitched from excitement. It was saying, "We'll tie and gag the guards while they are asleep, take their guns, and then strike for the woods, and leave them to get loose as best they can. If the sentinel hears us, we will shoot him; that's all. Tonight's our last chance to escape, because tomorrow we will reach Richmond."

This was enough for Albert. Quietly tipping out, he started over to where his father was holding his conference, intent upon telling him of the plot. But alas, as he carefully picked his way, he slipped on a twig that broke with such a crack that the eyes of the conspirators were turned toward him.

"Albert, is that you, boy?" called Jaques. "Come here, son," he said in a wheedling voice. Albert, thinking it best to pretend that he had heard nothing of the conversation, immediately obeyed. But before he could recover from his fright and before he could cry out, a dirty handkerchief had been jammed into his mouth and he had been jerked to his feet. In a few seconds he had been bound both hand and foot. After a hurried conversation between Jaques and another of the conscripts, he was rolled over to the side of the road and tied to a tree, the rope being loosely fastened so that he could roll a yard or two, if he cared.

The guards, having reached a decision, now came back to the fire, not dreaming of what had happened during their absence. Being fatigued from the many miles they had walked that day, they ordered the company to prepare for the night. The conscripts took their blankets and went to the tent. In a few minutes all the rest of the guards followed, except Albert's father. He stayed behind at the fire, as it was his turn to watch the first part of the night. For at any moment they were liable to be attacked by some Yankee scouting party. For this reason Albert was not missed. The guards in the tent thought he had stayed behind to sit up and talk with his father the first part of the night, while Albert's father thought he had gone to the tent with the rest of the guards.

No sooner had Albert been tied to the tree, than he began to think of some way of escape, for he realized the danger that the guards were in, especially his father, because he knew that his father would be wide awake at his post all

night, and at the least sound from the tent, he would be there to find out its cause, and so he would very likely hear the conscripts when they were trying to tie the guards and would no doubt be shot, while trying to intertere. He knew that the conscripts would take a desperate chance to escape that night because on the morrow they would reach Richmond. It seemed to him that they must have some motive for escape higher than that of cowardice, for cowards would be afraid to run the risk of being caught that the conscripts were running that night.

"I must get away," he kept saying to himself, "but how?" His resourceful mind failed him, he could think of no way.

For an hour or two he lay there tossing from side to side, trying to gain a more comfortable position. Suddenly his bright eye caught sight of a flash of fire a few yards or more from him. Some one had evidently dropped a match or cigar in the dead leaves, and a gust of wind had fanned the smoldering fire into flame. He had no time to lose, for the flittering fire was fast going out. He rolled over and over; the rope just would reach. With a mighty effort he managed to set his bound hands over the embers. The rope caught the flame, burnt into his hands, but he bravely bore the pain. Was it not to save his father, to do something for his country? But suppose he was too late, suppose the ember should go out? Such thoughts as these made him impatient and he began to jerk his arms with all his might. The ropes that had been nearly burnt in two could not stand this added strain; they gave away. In a jiffy the dirty handkerchief had been jerked from his mouth, and filling his lungs with the pure Virginia air, he shouted at the top of his voice,

"The Yankees are coming!" Nothing short of magic could have aroused the guards like those four words. They

sprang up just in time to escape the conscripts, who were bending over them with outstretched ropes. A short tussel ensued, in which the guards came out victorious. In a short time the conscripts' hands were bound behind them. As it was growing light in the east by this time, the command was given to break up camp and march forward; and about noon, they arrived, as they had expected, in Richmond, without any further excitement.

As for Albert, he was honored wherever his story was known; but more than praise to the boy was the satisfaction he had in knowing that as far as he was able he had served his country.

—Charles Roddiek, '15.





The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the
Winston-Salem City High School.

Subscription Price..... Fifty Cents the Year.

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For Advertising Rates, address the Managers.

Entered at the Post Office at Winston-Salem, N. C., as
Second Class Mail Matter.

Editorials



'Tis Education Forms the Common Mind



WHAT IS AN EDUCATION? In the old days an education meant the gaining of knowledge from text books, but today an education means much more than this. Character building is one of the most important phases of an education. Of course, text books are an important factor in school life, but this moral training is now regarded as the standard for a successful school. Men do not first ask of a school: Has it a high standard of scholarship? but they ask: What kind of boys and girls does it give to the world? Are they honest? Can they be trusted? Business men of today do not require of their employees a knowledge of grammar, mathematics, Latin and other such subjects. These are secondary matters. On the other hand, they do require good habits, neatness and honesty, and these are a great part of a true education. In fact, the chief function

of education is first to build character and then train the mind.

If character training is the chief function of education, is our High School really educating its students?

The past few weeks have been the turning point in this year's school work. Have we failed, or been successful? By failure we do not mean—have we not made a certain grade,—but having failed to make that grade, have we given up and acknowledged failure? The boy or girl who does not get a passing mark and then keeps up the fight, is the boy or girl of which the world is greatly in need. They are the boys and girls who will be the men and women of tomorrow and they are preparing themselves for the real fights in life. These few weeks have also been a time of great temptation to some of us. Have we been strong enough to resist? Then we are doubly strengthened for the next fight. One boy may be a brilliant student and yet not be as successful in the true sense of the word, as another boy who, although he never makes above eighty-five, is a manly and upright boy. It is not the grade that counts; but a student's success is reckoned on the fact that he has helped his school and his fellow-students by being always "square and fair;" and the success of a school is judged by the help that it has given or has not given to those boys and girls who have been enrolled among its members. We believe that our school is helping its students by setting for them a high moral standard and expecting them to live up to it.

—L.



Personals

Lelia Dean is engaged at the Winston Gas Company.

Alice Wilson, '13, is working in Mr. Wilson Gray's office at Brown-Williamson Co.

Claude Long, a former student, is now in business with his brother in Elkin.

William Peterson and Winfield Styron are employed in the offices of the Southern Railway.

We are very sorry that Miss Follin has found it necessary to go to Florida for her health. We hope she will return fully restored.

Ernest Vogler, a member of the class of 1914, now holds a responsible position with the Centerville Mercantile Company.

Frank Cash, a student of the High School last year, now holds a very responsible position with the B. F. Huntley Furniture Co.

There have been several changes in our High School faculty recently, Miss Abernathy, instructor in Modern Languages, having resigned, and Miss Percival, of Richmond, taking this place.

Since our last issue, our superintendent, Mr. Latham, has undergone a serious operation for appendicitis. He is now recovering, however, and we are glad to hear that he will soon be able to assume his regular duties.

Kathleen McIver, one of last year's students, is now in training for a nurse at St. Leo's Hospital, Greensboro.

Camm Johnson '13 who is attending school at the Radford Normal, Virginia, has been chosen to illustrate the Radford Annual.

Albert Douglas, formerly a student of the W. H. S., now holds an important position with Jerome and Johnson, Real Estate agents.

In the Office Department of Reynolds,' we find several old High School pupils: Grace Bynum '11, Ida Matlock '13, Alma Hauser, '12, and Alice Davenport, '13.

Mr. P. L. Wright, a member of last year's faculty of the Winston High School, is carrying on a successful Real Estate business in the firm of Vaughn and Wright.

Wiley Wagner, the former right tackle of the local High School foot ball team, has accepted a position with the Moser Grocery Company on North Liberty street.

On the afternoon of Feb. 20th, the second preliminary contest for the contestant in the inter-scholastic debates, soon to occur, was held. It took the form of a debate between the two divisions of the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society. The question was: Resolved, that the constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow the Initiative and Referendum. The judges were Rev. Mr. Bain, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Wright. The report of the judges was three for the affirmative, and the speakers who were chosen were Charles Roddick, Clifton Eaton, Hortus Scott, and Gordon Ambler.

On the evening of February 10th, the girls of the Senior class entertained the boys and the boys and the girls of the commercial department. The entertainment was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Many enjoyable games were played, for which prizes were awarded to the highest and lowest scorers, Miss Arnette Hathaway being the highest and Mr. Hoke the lowest. After the games, delicious refreshments were served and all departed feeling that they had had a most delightful time.

Exchanges

We have received the following magazines since our last issue:

Davidson College Magazine, December and January; University Magazine, December and January; State Normal, January; The Tatler, Kinston, January; The Athenaeum, December and January; Lexington High School Magazine, December; The Recorder, December; The Tatler, Elizabeth City, December; The Messenger; The Athenian; Vexillum, January; Lasell Leaves; The Index, Oshkosh, Wisconsin; The Black and Gold, Montgomery, Alabama; The Tooter; Blue and White; The Habit.

The Habit, Salina, Kansas, "Football Number" is a most attractive and well balanced magazine and a credit to the student editors and printers. The story, "The Man Who Didn't Make a Touchdown," although the only one, is a very interesting High School story. The poems and cartoons also lend interest to the magazine. The only thing lacking is editorials on some broad, live questions.

The Athenaeum, Rochester, N. Y. We recommend that you put on your spectacles next time you look at our magazine. We are "Black and Gold" not "Black and White." The story "Kerosene," in your January number is interesting, but one story does not make a magazine.

The Index, Oshkosh, Wis., is one of the best magazines on our exchange list. "The Boy View," is an original bit of verse and "The Green Paper," although a little short for the plot, really deserves the name of story.

The Black and Gold, Montgomery, Ala., is a very well gotten up magazine. All the stories are interesting, especially "A Game of Hearts in Pittsburg." The Athletic notes show that Barnes has good "School Spirit" all right. A few pictures and a table of contents would be an improvement.

The Recorder, Springfield, Mass., is a very well gotten up magazine inside, but the cover is not as attractive as it might be. It seems to us that rather undue prominence is accorded to jokes, while the ten pages taken up by a school directory might have been put to better advantage. The proverb of quality, not quantity, is as applicable to a High School Magazine as to anything else. The paper must be supported by the school, as the few advertisements would hardly pay for it; this is a very commendable plan where it is possible. Of the two stories which it contains, "The White Man's Law," is of a class not ordinarily found in High School magazines. The style of this story is distinctive and the little descriptive touches are very realistic. In the whole, it deserves better company than the other story a "Confession for Freedom," which is highly improbable in plot, and somewhat stilted in style.

The Tooter, Omaha, Neb. Entirely too much space is taken up with jokes. Why not put in a good story or two? The poems are original, but don't really deserve the name of poems.

The Item, Pasadena, California: We think that the devotion of the greater part of your magazine to jokes and society news is a mistake. The idea of a magazine should be to make it as literary as possible, not to turn it into a local joke book.

Lasell Leaves, Boston, Mass, with its attractive cover, its beautifully illustrated pages and its well-written and interesting stories, is indeed a splendidly gotten-up magazine. The "Personal" column is most interesting of any such column we have seen in a magazine. After reading it we felt as if we knew the people personally.

The Vexillum, Boston, for January, is about the best magazine which could possibly be gotten up. It is attractive and well gotten up. Of the stories written by the higher classes "A Race for a Life," is the best and one of the best we have read in any magazine. It is thrilling from start to finish. "The Capture of Connie," is fairly interesting, but practically the same thing has been written hundreds of times. "The Minarets from the Taj Mahal," seems impractical and we cannot see any object in the removal of the minarets. It probably might do as a beginning of a serial story. "The Pleasures of Working Under a Muddy Auto," is excellent. The other stories are good, "The Subway Santa Claus," being the best.



Just for Fun

Peace At Any Price.

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"Round."

"How do you know its round?"

"All right," said Willie; "it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

—Exchange.

He Knew.

The Sunday school teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and, as an aid to understanding, she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing; he must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?"

The answer was quickly shouted with one voice:
"Bait!"

—Exchange.

A Business Man.

"What does your father do for a living?" asked one little girl.

"Why," replied the other, "he takes up the collections in church."—Chicago News.

—Exchange.

A Puzzling Address

Recently the Chicago post-office received a letter bearing the following address:

Wood
John
Mass.

Nothing else appeared on the envelope. It went through the departments for undecipherable mail, and finally was sent to John Underwood, Andover, Massachusetts (John under Wood and over Mass.), who proved to be the person to whom it was intended to be sent.

—Exchange.

Prompted.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a large vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a—"

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy, aged six, was asked by a visitor how he stood in school.

"In the corner," replied truthful Tommy.—Harper's.

An Irishman stepped into a jewelry store to purchase a ring, and the jeweler asked him: "Eighteen carats?" "No, I haven't been atin' carrots. I've been atin' onions if it's any of your business."—Exchange.



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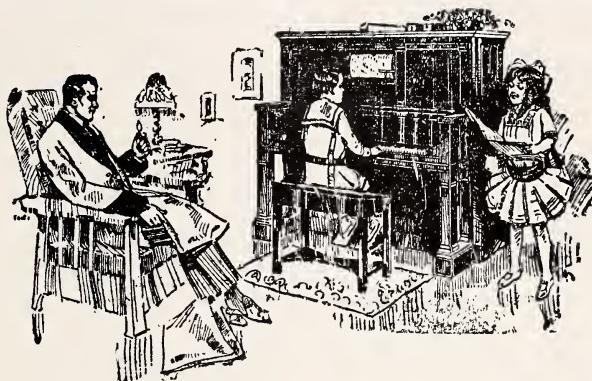
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